

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



I DID NOT SHOW CURIOSITY, BUT, WHILE LOOKING IN A MIRROR, I READ THE INSCRIPTION.

THE FATE OF A GERMAN WATCHMAKER IN BOKHARA.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

WHEN near Bokhara I broke the glass of my compass, which was in the shape of a watch, and had often done me essential service on my journey. I call it a compass for my European-readers, but, in the eyes of my mendicant fellow-travellers, I carried, as a Dervish, a kiblenumah, that is, such an instrument as every devout Mussulman is guided by when travelling, as it indicates the direction in which lie the holy cities of Mecca and Medina,

towards which he must kneel to perform his appointed devotions. When we arrived at a station or halting-place, either by night or day, the honour of pointing out the holy sites by the kiblenumah was always accorded to me; but I had so often to consult this instrument, as well on the road as at the stations, to ascertain the right direction, that it behoved me to guard it as the apple of my eye.

Watches are scarce in Bokhara, and it is hardly possible to find a watchmaker; so I began to fear I might have great difficulty in procuring a new glass for my compass. For long I inquired everywhere, till at last

some one informed me that, in a certain caravanserai, there was a clever mechanic; but, as such artists were scarce, and his skill was highly prized, it would not be possible for me, a mendicant, to have my work done by him. "If I cannot give much in money," thought I to myself, "I will give an abundance of blessings;" and soon I was on my way to find the workshop of the Tartar mechanic. I wandered long hither and thither ere I found the caravanserai. A long dark passage led to his room. When I opened the door, I was amazed to find myself in a neat apartment, with whitened walls and windows of oiled paper. Such traces of European habits in the midst of the chief town of Tartary astonished me, and I was still further puzzled at perceiving a table and chair, and, seated on the latter, a man in a European dressing-gown and a comfortable cap, who was busy at work, with his back towards me. "Es selam aleikum!" (Peace be to thee!), said I, in a loud voice; and I sat down in the greatest bewilderment as to who the mysterious artist could be. After I had uttered the accustomed prayer of a Dervish, he turned round, and his Tartar countenance was so marked that I could not be deceived on that point; but my curiosity remained as to his dress and furniture, when the Tartar interrupted his work with the following conversation:—"Do I understand by your speech that you are from Constantinople? What business has brought you here? There are clever watchmakers in your country. You would have made me happier if you could have brought me springs and wheels, which get broken here."

"Ah," said I, "that is too difficult for such a long journey. But tell me, how have you learned this art, if you have never been in Constantinople?"

"I never was out of Bokhara. I learned this handiwork from a European *feringhee* (infidel) who dwelt here for three years in the time of the Emir Nasrullah. He was a diligent and excellent workman, and not a bad infidel, whom the pious Emir ordered to be put to death because he tried to return to his native country, though many times forbidden to do so. You know that in Bokhara spies in various disguises are always sent out to watch the *feringhees* in Bokhara, and, when they return with the needful intelligence, they are taken."

In spite of my eager desire to hear more, I durst not inquire how he was apprehended. I did, however, make an allusion to it, and the Tartar then informed me that his master often did not leave his room for days, and that he read much in a book which the Emir took away after his death.

"Just where you are sitting," continued the watchmaker, "he used to sleep; and when he awoke in the morning, he knelt down before what is written over your head, and performed his devotions."

The words "what is written over your head" filled me at once with the greatest agitation and most painful impatience. For me, as a holy Dervish, to show curiosity might have been dangerous. I recovered myself as well as I could. Without leaving my place or speaking further, I handed him my compass to repair, and asked him to give me a looking-glass, that I might see what caused the painful burning in my eye. No sooner had I taken the ominous glass in my hand than I, trembling, looked in it to see the reflection of the writing over my head. After some research, I did indeed find a line in small German running-hand, and read the words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen." I felt stunned and trembled. The glass was still in my hand, and, in spite of all my efforts, I could not conceal the pallor of my countenance. Within me was a terrible struggle between dread and curiosity,

these few words moved me so strongly. Fortunately, I was able to control myself, and to quiet my emotion. I continued the conversation. I could not, however, find out much about the poor mechanic, more than that he came hither from Cabul and was killed; that he was a German; and that by his skill he had earned about two thousand *tengi*, on account of which the greedy tyrant had ordered him to be put to death. I perceived from the words of this man how much he was devoted to his master. To me, who, sitting opposite to him, appeared as a holy man, he was afraid to show his love to the infidel; yet it was evident, not only in his words, but in his care of the furniture and dress, which he had acquired by purchase. Nothing was moved, nothing changed; and, strangest of all, the writing was not obliterated. Perhaps, if I had dared to investigate more narrowly, I might have discovered his name. But how was that possible for me in my character as Dervish, and in Bokhara?

For long, long in my distant journeyings, there floated before my eyes the unfortunate destiny and the handwriting of the devout mechanic. When I recalled him to mind, I seemed to see him as he knelt at his devotions, and in the midst of barbaric fanaticism, calling in his mother-tongue on that Spirit who is present to all. How ardent must have been his supplications when carried from this spot to the place of execution! A year afterwards, as I returned through Persia on my way to Europe, I heard in Tabris, from a German residing there, that the fate of the unhappy watchmaker was not unknown to him, for he had been told of it by some *Hadjis* from Bokhara. The Italian who met Dr. Wolff in Bokhara had been present at the execution; and a similar fate would probably await any European whose skill might enable him to enrich himself there.

LONDON EYE HOSPITALS.

In the Census Report of 1861 there is a most interesting chapter on the statistics of the blind. Briefly we may state, among the results there given, that the blind in the United Kingdom amount to about 30,000 (29,248 in 1861), or about 1 in every 1000 of the inhabitants. The ratio of those born blind is stated to be about 1 in 10, according to the returns in the schedules; but the late Dr. T. Bull, who was himself deprived of sight during the last years of his life, and who devoted much labour to obtain correct statistics, wrote as follows:—"Those truly born blind are very few in number. Not one case came under my notice during a professional life of more than twenty-five years in London, nor do I remember a single one to have occurred in the practice of a large circle of medical friends." Mr. Henry Obré, of the Western Ophthalmic Hospital, Marylebone, states that he has only seen one case in all his experience. The returns in the Census probably included those who lost their sight at a very early period of infancy.

The proportion of blind to the general population varies greatly in different localities.

In England and Wales it is	1 to every	1037 persons.
In Scotland	" 1 "	1086 "
In Ireland	" 1 "	813 "
In Islands in British Seas	1 "	723 "

The ratio in London, within the Registrar-General's limits, is 1 in 1063—a small proportion when we consider that the number of blind is augmented by the presence of children and adults in the various blind charities and institutions. In Huddersfield the proportion is so low as 1 in 1382, and in Halifax 1 in 1462. In some of the

rural districts, such as Wilts and Dorset, the number is as high as 1 in 700. Generally the ratio is less in towns and manufacturing districts and higher in the country. This is explained in the Report, as follows:—"Loss of sight being greatly influenced by age, part of the excess of blind persons in the rural districts is owing to the fact that they contain a larger proportionate number of persons in advanced life than the towns and manufacturing districts, while the immigrants into the latter are chiefly young persons who labour under no physical disability to interfere with their employment in the factories, in domestic service, or in trade as apprentices and workpeople." The same principle explains the small proportional number of the blind in the British colonies, as the blind and the aged rarely emigrate, and the proportion of persons in advanced life in these countries is comparatively small.

With regard to the time of life at which blindness is most frequent, it appears that about one-seventh of the whole number are under twenty years of age. Under five years of age the number is small; while among the aged, from eighty and upwards, the ratio is 1 in every 56 men, and 1 in every 55 women.

By far the largest number of the blind belong to the poorer classes, who are dependent on their labour for their living. Not more than 400 out of the whole are returned as of independent means; to whom, however, must be added young persons and others living with wealthy relatives. A large number can provide support for themselves (including above 600 musicians and teachers of music, and, perhaps, 1000 in various occupations, such as basket-making, brush-making, and the like), but the largest proportion must depend on the support of others. Those whose friends do not support them, or are not pensioners of charities, are forced to take refuge in the workhouse or to obtain out-door parish relief.

The Census Report on the blind concludes with the following remarks on the usefulness of special hospitals for eye diseases:—"We cannot close without adverting to the happy results which have attended the establishment of infirmaries and hospitals specially devoted to diseases of the eye, not only in the relief of suffering, but in promoting the advancement of ophthalmic medicine and surgery. The institutions of this character in London have afforded relief to thousands of sufferers, including many who have been restored to sight by successful operations for the removal of cataract; and, in Dublin, St. Mark's Hospital has been largely instrumental in relieving sufferers from this class of disease. It is true that the general hospitals, both metropolitan and provincial, admit patients labouring under diseases and accidents of the eye; but the superior advantages of special hospitals cannot be questioned. Hundreds amongst the poor of the United Kingdom may be said to lose their sight annually by bad surgery, or the want of good treatment, such as those who have made ophthalmic diseases a specialty can supply."

The metropolis numbers several special institutions devoted to the treatment of diseases of the eye. First in importance, as regards funds at disposal, beds, and number of patients treated, is the London Ophthalmic Hospital in Moorfields. It was founded in 1804, a time when British oculists were not so advanced as their Continental brethren. The wayfarer who has gone, now and then, in the direction of Finsbury Circus, and, taking the latter as his ground of departure, has wandered towards Liverpool Street, can hardly fail to have observed the London Ophthalmic Hospital, the modest exterior of which would not perhaps have elicited any particular attention. In regard to centrality of position

and openness of site, it is admirably placed. As the eye hospitals and infirmaries of London are only under enumeration just now, we will not pause to describe internal arrangements. The second metropolitan eye institution (second as to means and appliances for relieving the greatest number) seems to be the central London Ophthalmic Hospital in the Gray's Inn Road. This excellent institution, however, is latest in date, having been established only in 1843. The remaining metropolitan eye institutions are the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, near Charing Cross; the Surrey Ophthalmic Hospital, St. George's Fields; and the St. Marylebone Eye Institution, 155, Marylebone Road, the name of which has been recently changed to the Western Ophthalmic Hospital.

Let the reader understand that, in specifying a difference of importance to exist between these excellent institutions, I would be only understood to signify that their relative capabilities vary as to the number of patients that can simultaneously be provided for. The point may very fairly be taken for granted that the medical and surgical skill in all these institutions is of the highest order. Such, at any rate, would be the only proper assumption for the writer in these pages, who is not dealing with the subject professionally, but only in its bearings on public usefulness.

Of these various institutions only one, I believe, is exclusively devoted to out-patients; in other words, has no beds. Perhaps the sentiment with which the writer desires to be actuated in dealing with the metropolitan eye institutions will be best carried out by not indicating the name of the particular institution which has no beds, and therefore no house patients. To a certain number of the public this might seem to imply inferiority in some injurious sense; whereas it only should imply that the aspirations of its promoters and officers are limited, for the same reason that many of our best aspirations are limited in their scope and effect, for want of necessary means.

Eye diseases are unfortunately common, more common, indeed, than they might seem on a first consideration. Not only are the eyes, from their prominent position on the face, subject to accidents, and to injuries in particular works and trades, but they are also liable to frequent and multifarious natural diseases. Some of these are so marked, either from the gravity of their symptoms, their conspicuousness, or both, that persons affected can be under no doubt as to their existence. Others are veiled and undemonstrative; but, altogether, a large class of diseases and deformities come within the remedial scope of ophthalmic surgery.

Well, perhaps the reader will now prepare to follow me in an excursion through a well-appointed eye hospital. Whither, then, shall we bend our steps? We cannot do better than select for our illustrative example, our model of what an eye hospital is and should be, the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields. If we go to the front door and knock, and, announcing our views, ask that we may be allowed to pass through the establishment, the request would be granted at once. Neither in this nor in any other British hospital that I have seen are there any untidy hours, when things have not been "put straight," as housemaids are wont to express themselves. Except as a matter of convenience to himself and the patients, and the resident authorities, the visitor to any British hospital that the writer has ever seen might call at midnight, or the small morning hours, under no apprehension of finding things at sixes and sevens, out of order and untidy. We, then—the reader and I—might be admitted at the

front door of the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, and at any time; but suppose we enter as patients. No deceit! We want to have our eyes tested, as inquisitive boys pay a penny each to get upon the seat of a weighing-machine. Patients! patients! Assuming us to belong to that class, shall we not want some sort of credentials—a governor's order, or something of that kind? Not a bit of it. The way is free as the roads, and, indeed, more free than roads obstructed by turnpikes. Let us walk on to the eastern side wall of the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital. There arrived, we find an iron turnstile, very suggestive of those which now do duty at either end of Waterloo Bridge, and which did do similar duty at either end of Southwark Bridge; suggestive of the bridge turnstiles to look at, but in act there is one small difference—*nothing to pay*. "Walk in, good people: nothing to pay!" might be painted for a motto over the Eye Hospital revolving turnstile. Assured that we do not intrude, then—the reader and I—in we go. Passing on, we soon enter a large square apartment—the receiving-room. Now let us honour the genius of the place by using our eyes to whatever extent these organs will permit us. There are things to be observed here—things worthy of observation; but they might well escape notice if not pointed out. First, right opposite the entrance-door we see something printed against the wall. How very eccentric you think those eye hospital people must be! We don't seem to be able to read that printed record at all comfortably. There are several lines of print, and the type composing each line varies in size. "One wouldn't expect such eccentricity here," a petulant visitor might mumble to himself. Pshaw! it is the old advertising dodge, he thinks, the device of luring you across the way, through some such big type heading as *LATEST FROM AMERICA*, only to inveigle you into some totally irrelevant topic set up in bourgeois or long primer—whether you bruise your oats yet; perhaps, whether you are invited; or, a more delicate matter still, where you may happen to buy your continuations. Nothing of that sort here. Stranger visitor, bend your eyes downwards. Regard the floor. Thereon do we not see white painted lines running transversely across the boards? Evidently. What are they? These painted lines just have this use: they have been established at certain measured distances from the printed placard on the wall—the same that puzzled you and aroused your petulance. "Certain measured distances," I say; and, for convenience of foreigners calling there to test *their* eye-sight, some of these measurements are referred to foreign lineal standards. Now we shall soon see the meaning of those mingled lines of large and small print. Here come we to the *scratch*, my friend. The term is strictly appropriate here. Come we up to the farthest demarcating right line on the floor—the scratch, I say. Stand we, then, touching it with our respective toes, yet not going beyond it. We both can read the largest print. I can read the next in size; *you* cannot: my eye-sight, then, is longer than yours. If you and I were to go to Mr. Doublet's shop to purchase spectacles, that gentleman, being optician to the hospital, the difference between your eyes and mine, just made out, would be a guide to him in fitting us: it would be our spectacle measurement, so to speak. Perhaps your eyes or mine may not be equal as to focal length, as between themselves; in which case, again, the floor paint-marks and the placards against the wall will be useful. If the patient open and shut each eye alternately, making the remaining eye do duty, the focal length desired may readily be found out. Well, in our capacity of out-

patients we cannot expect to see more of the hospital. We have passed the turnstile; we have gone into the receiving-room; we have tried our eyes; we know what they can do; and now we must walk out again. If desirous, as visitors, of going through the establishment, doubtless the secretary will let us. We shall only have to knock at the front door and explain our wishes. We enter, and are taken to the receiving-room just left. All that we have already seen there need not be expatiated upon; but in close connection with this receiving-room is one place that we have not visited, but which merits close attention. We come to a little chamber or wooden box, painted black inside. We see a patient leaning back in a chair, and a surgeon looking carefully into his eyes, aided by some sort of instrument. Looking! ay, and *how* closely! Asking for information, we are straightway told the apparatus used is called the "ophthalmoscope." In general terms, it may be said to consist of a small mirror, by means of which a concentrated lamp or gas light is projected upon any portion of the eye, the scrutiny of which is needed; the operator not trusting to his unaided visual powers, but using magnifying lenses. Through this combination of instruments, structural changes that have taken place in the eye may be seen, though wholly invisible to naked vision. On the occasion of my exploratory visit a patient was under examination for cataract in the left eye. Looking through the central aperture, or pupil, an appearance might be seen reminding one of the eye-ball of a fish after boiling. It was cataract, but not far gone, not as yet; not much confirmed. Cataracts vary amongst themselves; and the particular nature of the cataract in question could not have been determined by the naked eye. The ophthalmoscope made the nature of things within the affected eye-ball plain. It was the variety of cataract known as the "spermæcti cataract." Examination of it with the ophthalmoscope made this evident.

With the receiving-room and ophthalmoscope "structure" the out-patient department of the Royal Ophthalmic Institution may be considered to end. Need it be here observed that by "out-patient" is meant an individual not so very ill as to need *living* in the hospital? *In*-patients not only have their advice, physic, and applications gratis, but their board, washing, lodging—everything, in short, they need. The out-patient entrance is absolutely free, as just explained. The turn-bar goes round, the patient walks in, and is welcome. Is the establishment equally free to an intending in-patient? Practically it is; and I am desirous to speak emphatically on this matter. Practically, then, I say it is. To be precise: in the case of an out-patient being so much afflicted that he or she ought not to remain an out-patient, in the doctor's opinion, he has only to give an order for admission, and the order takes immediate effect, as a matter of course. Inasmuch as a governor's order is ostensibly necessary to secure admission as an in-patient, the surgeon procures that afterwards. What I am anxious to affirm, and to have understood, is the non-necessity of any delay to any deserving applicant. In diseases of so delicate an organ as the eye delay would be fatal. In some hospitals, to prevent abuse, a subscriber's order, or some letter of recommendation, must be obtained; but this rule is very seldom enforced at eye infirmaries.

We walk upstairs and visit the wards. The same sort of little iron bedsteads, the same sort of wards, we have frequently seen in other hospitals. Yet the whole, the *tout ensemble*, strikes us as being different. The semi-darkness of their wards, the tempered green gloom, that is the peculiarity. Each window, you will remark,

is not only jalousied with Venetian blinds, but is hung with green cloth as well. In diseases of the eye any strong light would be most injurious; and, of such light as the eyes receive, green light is least hurtful. Of course, the number of in-patients any hospital can provide for is determined by the number of beds it can make up. The Royal Eye Infirmary at present makes up forty.

Shall we pass into the operating theatre? Surgical operations, of whatever kind, are unpleasant to look upon, but those upon the eye unpleasant in the least degree, perhaps. The eye, considered as to all its parts, is not very amenable to pain. Eye operations mostly are not excruciating; nevertheless, chloroform is employed by eye operators almost constantly now, the great use of it not being so much to deaden pain as to stop the movements of an eye subjected to surgical treatment.

We may as well pass into the little chapel now, where divine service is celebrated. It is a mere plain apartment. No sign is present to indicate that it is a chapel. I only note its existence, therefore, that the reader may learn that no need has been neglected to those whose affliction brings them, for a season, within the compass of these walls.

Arrangements so complete as this hospital reveals (indeed, we will say all British hospitals and infirmaries reveal) need money—a good deal of money—to carry them out and keep them going. Some of the metropolitan general hospitals are largely endowed through private benevolence: their income is quite enough for all their multifarious needs. Such as these have no occasion to go a-begging. Others have to make charitable appeals; and of the latter class are all the metropolitan eye institutions, to a greater or lesser extent. Some of them have no certain funds. Of others the funds are incommensurate with their needs.

In addition to the special eye hospitals and infirmaries, I believe that some of the general hospitals set apart wards for the special cure and treatment of eye diseases. In either case, the medical and surgical talent brought into operation we will assume equal, as it may be fairly assumed. Still, probably an advantage will lie in favour of special eye hospitals for eye diseases, not only on account of the surgeons making this department their special study, but also on account of the greater purity of the air in ophthalmic hospital wards than in those of general hospitals. No imputation of impurity from negligence is intended: such would be absurd; but those who know about general hospitals best, and the frightful class of diseases often caused for on the premises, will also know that to prevent injurious emanations floating about is impossible.

There is something short, sharp, and decisive in surgical treatment of eye diseases—something eminently striking and impressive. No class of operations has so struck savage and semi-civilized people. The medical missionaries testify that the power of their eye surgery makes a great impression. In China, Syria, and other countries this skill has wonderfully opened the way for the higher objects proposed in Christian missionary work.

Having now set forth the blessings conferred by these beneficent institutions in the metropolis, what may seem the most proper way for me to conclude? Shall I ask my readers to be grateful that such places are: to thank God that he has disposed some rich and well-to-do people to found and support these charities? Yes, very proper all this. I will ask it of my readers. In doing this, however, let me also guard them—my readers—

against that particular form of benevolence commented on by the late Sydney Smith. “*Very benevolent*,” said a friend to this dignitary one day, mentioning somebody. “*Very*. He never hears of a case of distress but he longs for somebody else to put his hand in his pocket and relieve it!”

Well, somebody—more than one, I hope—may take this hint to heart—may resolve to give, though it be but a small annual contribution, to one of the London eye institutions. Which? he will ask. Nay, if I am asked, the answer would be, Give to all; for all want help. At any rate, special indication tendered here would seem invidious.

PENS.

Is recalling one's varied experience with the pen after the lapse of some fifty years, the different forms which that petty but all-powerful instrument has at times assumed within the grasp of thumb and fingers during that long period are apt to present themselves, and to bring with them associations, most of them, indeed, of a sentimental, but some of a practical kind; which latter we propose to set down, with a view to the interest and information of the reader. When we wrote our first copies, painfully imitated from “copper-plate,” to the dismal discomfiture of aching wrist and knuckles, the blotty deed was perpetrated with a goose-quill—not such a goose-quill as one sees now on the banker's desk or in the stationer's shop, but the unsophisticated article, white and opaque, and all too soft in substance for the duty it had to perform. Country pedagogues could not afford the clarified quills imported from Holland under a heavy duty, and sold there at about eight shillings the hundred: instead of running up their bills with the stationer for articles so costly, they preferred to levy contributions on the native geese. A horrid tax it was upon the poor birds, who had to surrender their primary feathers time after time to Hodge's relentless tugging. We can bear witness to their violent protests against the barbarous robbery, having witnessed the cruel spoliation once and again—and, sooth to say, such is the apathy of boyhood, assisted in it, with an utter unconsciousness of evil-doing. We hope, for the sake of our savory Michaelmas friends, that quill-growing geese are no longer bred in England for the supply of the quill market, though we must confess to having doubts on that subject.

Old Figgins, who birched the “humanities” into us, or, at least, did his best in the endeavour, had a knack of clarifying and hardening quills for his own use, and for that of the upper class in the school. He did the business at the school-room fire in the winter months; now sticking the quills into sand-heaps piled on the hob and the hearth; now plunging them in water, and drying them in a kind of Dutch oven; and sometimes giving them a bath of some acid, which changed them to a golden hue and gave them transparency. It was his pride to operate upon swan-quills, a dozen or two of which would be brought to him now and then by some grateful pupil. These, of course, he retained for his own use, and he invariably sported one behind his ear while making the round of the school with his ever-sounding cane. Besides the goose-quills and swan-quills, there were the turkey-quills and the crow-quills; which last-named the boys were accustomed to gather in their walks whenever they fell in with them. They required but little preparation beyond a careful drying, and were extremely useful for writing the names of places in the

show-maps which it was then the custom to prepare for the Christmas holidays. Among my juvenile recollections with regard to pens, I may as well set down the fact that they always lasted longer in summer than in winter. In winter there was a fire, and hungry lads had a habit of kidnapping stray pens, and thrusting them between the bars of the grate, holding them there until the tough fibre blistered and crackled, and grew to a delicious-looking brown colour, at which crisis the jaws of Brown, Jones, or Robinson devoured them up, under the name of "roast pig," the flavour of which, according to the current notion, they resembled. That sort of diet must have vanished altogether from our schools since the introduction of steel pens. Pens made of reeds were often used in schools in those days, and served very well for the first essays in "down-strokes," but were hardly capable, in boyish hands, of regular writing. They made a rather rugged line, very unlike that produced by the quill pen, a line which gives picturesqueness to the artist's outline. They are still in use among artists on that account, and their effect may be noticed particularly in the architectural drawings of Prout, and other painters in water-colours.

It is now about forty years since the first attempts were made to supersede the quill by manufacturing pens of some other material. One of the first substitutes was glass, and the pens made of glass were called "fountain pens," being formed with a small hollow globe made to contain the ink, and placed about an inch above the writing point. The theory was, that the ink from the globe would percolate through the narrow passage leading to the point, and supply the indispensable fluid continuously, without any necessity on the part of the writer of having recourse to the ink-stand. But it was only a theory: the fountain pen could be used once with tolerable success, but on a second attempt the narrow duct was invariably found to be choked up, and vain were all endeavours to cleanse the almost invisible channel. Then the mathematical instrument makers took to making fountain pens of brass; and they made the feeding channel to open and shut, so that it could be easily cleaned; but the brass was a worse failure than the glass: the brass oxidized, and the ink could not be got to flow through verdigris on any terms. The first pens made in imitation of the quill, of which we have any recollection, were formed of thin pliant brass lacquered over. They were fastened to the holders, as if with the intention of lasting a lifetime; and, indeed, they lasted long enough, since, as no one could write with them, they never got worn out. Then a fashion sprang up of cutting pens from turkey-quills, and arming their nibs with rhodium, ruby, and even diamond points, which, it was imagined, no friction would ever rub down.

All these attempts at pen-making, and many more which might be mentioned, were indications of a want which was gradually growing upon society, and threatened, or rather promised, to increase in more than an arithmetical ratio with the population. The truth is, that, while the people were increasing rapidly in numbers, education was being diffused in a corresponding degree, and the multitudes who could read and write, or wanted to read and write, were becoming out of all proportion more numerous than they ever had been. As years rolled on, and the schoolmaster continued his work, the demand for pens grew more urgent, and it became evident to far-seeing men that ere long all the geese of Europe would not avail for the supply. Quills for a time ran up to a fabulous price, as much as thirty shillings a hundred being paid for the choicest article, while the

very worst produce of our own soil found a ready sale. But, meanwhile, the steel pen was gradually coming to the rescue; the national demand was fast creating the national supply, which ere long began to pour in on every side. The first pens of steel, though far from good, were yet practically serviceable, and the improvement in their manufacture which all felt necessary followed fast upon their general adoption by the public. At first they were not cheap. Pens not nearly so good or so durable as those we now buy at a shilling a gross were displayed ostentatiously on squares of cardboard, and sold readily at half a crown the dozen. Immense fortunes were made by the first manufacturers, who managed to win a reputation for their wares. Patents innumerable were taken out for pens of all possible shapes and qualities real or imaginary, not one-half of which were ever manufactured. A maker of pens, who might have been a millionaire had he been as prudent as he was fortunate, once showed us his collection of patented pens which he had never made or intended to make. He had bought the designs and models of the designers, patented them, and, to use his own phrase, "put them to bed;" that is, consigned them to oblivion. "Not," he said, "that these are not worth manufacturing; on the contrary, they are good, and many of them, indeed, better than anything in the market; but, if I were to bring them out, they would only damage the sale of those I am producing by the million, while I should be at the expense of new machinery. I shall never bring them out, and, you see, no one else can." Rather a curious trait, that, of commercial policy, and worthy of consideration in connection with the subject of patents.

But the high prices, and the enormous profits they involved, were doomed to abate under the pressure of competition. New manufacturers sprang up, and, as new facilities for the manufacture were introduced, the price of the articles ran down towards the popular level. The time-honoured quill began to disappear from merchant's desk and tradesman's counter, and steel pens to take its place. Then the schoolmaster welcomed them as a release from the everlasting operation of pen-mending; not giving up quills entirely, but reserving them for the finer descriptions of penmanship. The more the steel pen gained ground, the firmer grew its hold on the public; people forgot the art of mending pens with a pen-knife, and had to continue from necessity the substitute they adopted for convenience. At length came that grand stimulus to education, the penny postage-stamp, which was destined ere long to set all the world a-letter-writing. The Act of Parliament which established the penny postage inaugurated a new era in the steel pen manufacture. As the number of letters passing through the post doubled, trebled, quadrupled, and quintupled, and seemed destined to multiply indefinitely, the demand for pens grew in a corresponding ratio, and grew all the faster because millions of the people were now learning to write who had not sufficient motive to learn under the system of dear postage. It is, of course, impossible to trace the gradual growth of the steel pen manufacture, so many firms being engaged in it; but some idea may be formed of its amount in the present day from the fact that there are houses producing their twenty, thirty, forty, fifty thousand pens daily, and that throughout the year.

The best steel pens are said to be made from Swedish iron, converted into steel either on the old plan in the converting furnace, or by the new process of Mr. Bessemer, and subsequently hardened by tilting, casting into ingots, and then rolling it into thin sheets; the object of these latter processes being to compress the

metal to the closest possible texture, and add to its toughness and elasticity. Most of the metal for pen-making is prepared in Sheffield or its neighbourhood, though some of the Birmingham manufacturers prefer to complete the final preparation of the metal on their own premises. On entering a pen manufactory, we are first shown the rolling-mills, in which the metal is reduced to its ultimate thickness (which may be about the hundredth part of an inch), and we see it cut into strips or ribbons about two and a half inches in width, and two or three yards in length. Following these lengths of steel ribbon, we arrive at a long, well-lighted room, filled mostly with young women, each of whom sits at a kind of press, all the presses being to our inexperienced eye exactly similar, though we soon discover that they are doing very different work. The first operator takes the metal ribbon in her left hand, and, placing the end of it in the jaws of her little press, lowers the die with which it is armed with her right hand. She repeats these movements as rapidly as a clock ticks, cutting out at each motion one of the blanks which is to become a pen. If she be a clever hand, she will cut thirty thousand of these blanks in the ten hours of her working day. The waste of metal in this cutting is next to nothing, the pens being all cut first from one side of the ribbon, and then from the other side, and the points of the pens cut in the second row falling in the interstices between those cut in the first row. The flat blanks are passed on to a second operator, who, with a similar press armed with a different punch or die, cuts out the central hole above the slit, and also the side holes, without which the pen would want elasticity. The pens are still but blanks, and are entirely flat, and they have next to be curved into a semi-cylindrical, and, in the case of magnum-bonums, into a cylindrical form. But the metal is too tough and elastic in its present state to submit to such discipline; the blanks therefore are at this crisis subjected to a certain degree of heat in an oven, which takes their stubbornness out of them and renders them sufficiently pliable. They are next stamped with a die which impresses the maker's name and trade-mark upon them, the stamper working the die with astonishing rapidity with his foot. Now comes the rounding, which is done by a girl with one of the presses already mentioned; the mass of the pens which are semi-cylindrical being rounded by a single pressure, while those which have a perfect barrel undergo a second pressure in a different press. They are now again subjected to heat in a furnace, for which purpose they are packed loosely in iron boxes. When nearly white-hot, they are suddenly taken out and plunged in a pan of oil, a ceremony which renders them extremely brittle. They are freed from the oil by being made to revolve in cylinders over a fire; after which they are reduced to a proper temper by the action of a coke fire, by which they are gradually heated to the degree required. At this stage the pens have acquired a disagreeable roughness by the treatment they have undergone. To get rid of that they are put into huge tin cans together with a quantity of saw-dust; and the cans being made to revolve rapidly by steam, the pens cleanse each other by friction, while the saw-dust takes up the disengaged impurities.

On being taken from the cans, the pens have a polished appearance; and, if they are intended to be browned, the colouring is imparted to them at this stage, simply by giving them a bath of varnish, diluted with some volatile spirit. The grinding, which is one of the most essential of all the processes, comes next. The object of the grinding is to impart elasticity to the

pen; and this is effected by reducing the substance of the metal at a point just above the slit. In the grinding-room we find a number of "bob" or small wheels, whirling round, and in front of each an operator at work. He or she picks up a pen from the heap with a pair of iron nippers, applies it to the "bob" for half a second of time, and the affair is over. The last mechanical process, and the one which really makes the semi-cylindrical metal into a pen, viz., the slitting, has now to be done. It is got over almost as quickly as any of the former processes, the operator having merely to insert the point of the pen beneath the descending punch or cutter of her press, by which the delicate operation is effected in a moment, pens being slit by a single hand at the rate of twelve to fifteen thousand in a day. After the slitting little more remains to be done: only a trifling labour of freeing from dust, and the ejection of faulty articles; and then they are packed away in boxes for the market.

For all merely useful purposes the steel pen is now manufactured with a degree of perfection that leaves nothing to be desired. It is no uncommon thing now to buy a gross of pens for a shilling, every one of which will be found upon trial perfectly serviceable; and it may be said with truth that the twelve pens which can now be bought for a penny far exceed in value the same number which in the days of dear postage were sold for half a crown. The improvements which have been made in the manufacture are doubtless the cause of the high estimation of the English steel pens in all the markets of the world. No other nation has the least pretence to vie with the English in their production. So far as we have ever fallen in with them, the productions of Continental makers are simple abominations, utterly unavailable for use. It seems likely that England will long maintain her pre-eminence in this particular branch of industry; and, looking to the amount of healthy employment it supplies to the working ranks of both sexes, it is especially desirable that she should do so.

THE IDLER ON THE RHINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

VIII.

It was another roasting day when we left Mayence. The towers of the town looked red-hot; and, as we somehow managed to leave ourselves small time for getting our tickets, in the struggle for which I unwittingly embroiled myself with a choleric German gentleman, by treading on his corns, we were glad enough to meet the fresh air at railroad speed on our way to Frankfort. The route is not striking. It lies, however, through many fruit-gardens and pleasant fields, in which the apples were being gathered and the corn cut by tanned brown German country-folk. The Taunus Mountains showed their outline through the warm haze, and many spires and towers marked the whereabouts of villages and towns.

Frankfort strikes the visitor as a place of importance and comfort. The houses are handsome, and the town is surrounded by public grounds and gardens, in which the citizens take their pleasure abundantly. Indeed, these are so large and numerous that every house may be said to have its garden, in the lump, and use it. Frankfort is a city standing in its own grounds. Almost whichever way you walk you find lawns, and seats, and shrubs, and flowers before you reach the open country. Frankfort is no less distinguished for its literary fame, riches, and political importance. One of its most

conspicuous monuments is to Gutenberg, who invented cut metal types, and used them in printing the earliest edition of the Bible, which was commenced in 1444 and finished in sixteen years. Though cast types were afterwards used, and the invention of printing came, as it were, to its full growth in all material points some dozen years later, still the substitution of metal for wood by Gutenberg may well make the Frankforters proud of his memory. His monument is of recent erection, having been set up so late as 1858. He is supported by two figures of Faust and Schöffer (who first *made cast types*), and on the frieze of the monument are *likenesses* of thirteen famous printers, among the rest, *our own* Caxton, who, in 1471, within the precincts of Westminster, produced the first book ever printed in these kingdoms.



HOUSE AT FRANKFORT, SAID TO HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED BY LUTHER.

Frankfort is also famous in having been the birth-place of Goethe, whose paternal house is in the Hirschgraben, near the Rossmarkt, and is distinguished by a tablet, stating that he was born there on the 28th of August, 1749. The riches of Frankfort arise not only from its commercial enterprise, but from its having long been a favourite place of settlement with the Jews. Here rose the family of Rothschild, famed over the world for its enormous wealth; and many faces in the streets show the large number of Jews now residing and trading in the town.

Will the riches of this nation, preserved so long, though scattered among strangers, ever become the means by which their hopes of restoration to Jerusalem will be realized? It has often been conjectured that possibly some day the Jews will *buy* the Holy City and its belongings. What a strange fulfilment of the expectations based upon the prophecies of Scripture would this be! Jerusalem redeemed once more out of the hands of the "Gentile," and, to many, a retrospective meaning given to that shrewdness and desire of gain which so eminently marks their race! Should the Turkish empire fall quite to pieces, might not this share thus pass once more into the hand of its original possessors? One cannot help suspecting, however, that many a Jew would hardly consider Jerusalem a sufficiently profitable investment.

But we must not run away from Frankfort yet. It is distinguished not only for its literary fame and wealthy associations, but for its political *status*, if not importance. It is one of the free towns of the Germanic Confederation, and the seat of the Diet.

Nothing puzzles one more than the intricacies of German politics. We are bewildered by the number of small states leagued together with the large; so that many who hear of and travel among them have a very misty idea of what Germany is.

I feel tempted to try and set down a general idea of the German nation while we are at Frankfort, but anything like a short lucid account of this great complexity is out of the question. The Germanic Confederation consists of the Empire of Austria, the Kingdoms of Prussia, Hanover, Bavaria, Saxony, and Württemberg; seven Grand Duchies, Baden, Hesse, etc., etc.; eight Duchies, Brunswick, etc., etc.; twelve Principalities, and one Lordship; four Free Cities, Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck; the two Danish Duchies, Schleswig and Holstein, to which Lauenburg has lately been added: altogether, forty-one more or less independent states or cities, which are represented at the Diet at Frankfort, but which act pretty well after their own will and fashion when they have the power. Austria and Prussia, for instance, in the Danish war, being only two states in the Confederation, but immensely more powerful than the rest, snapped their fingers at their colleagues, treated the army of the Federation with contempt, and took complete possession of the Danish duchies for their own purposes and after their own way. Trusting to their size and military resources, they pushed the others aside, and took the management of the war into their own hands, undeterred by the protests of their small brethren. This has produced a deep feeling of resentment in the minds of the little kings and peoples, which possibly will bear fruit some day, in their making common cause against their great and greedy companions, and in the breaking up of the Confederation. This Confederation resulted from the wars of Napoleon. He broke up the "Holy Roman Empire," as that of Germany was called, and formed, after the battle of Austerlitz, a confederation of German princes, called "the Confederation of the Rhine," who, uniting into a corporate body in 1807, placed themselves under the protectorate of the Emperor of the French. This did not last long. Napoleon went on, knocked the Austrians and Prussians about, divided their lands, set up fresh rulers, and shifted the boundaries of Germany like a puzzle. But the great Russian war came, called by Germans "the war of liberation," and, Napoleon's great scheme collapsing, Germany regained its geographical and political position in Europe. It no longer, however, owned one supreme head. The present

Confederation of thirty-five independent sovereigns and four free cities replaced the elective monarchy. To these the two Danish duchies and Lauenburg have been added, making altogether forty-one. These states meet by their representatives in the Diet at Frankfort, Austria



MONUMENT TO GUTENBERG AT FRANKFORT.

being properly president. They are supposed to have equal rights, and all bind themselves to observe inviolably the Act of Union. As those who read the newspapers may see, they quarrel bitterly. The little kings who are too small to bite, bark. The great kings do both.

It remains to be seen whether the common bond of language and commerce will hold them together. They all speak German; which word, however, is not used by Germans when speaking of themselves. Their country is "Deutschland," the first half said to be derived from "deuten," signifying to interpret or explain; so that "Deutschland" is the land in which the people (verbally at least) understand one another.

They are also bound up by the "Zollverein," or "Customs Union," of which Prussia is the head, and to which nearly all the states in the Confederation belong. Austria long held aloof, but some time ago made an important treaty of commerce and navigation with Prussia which may result in her joining in the great German commercial union.

There! that is a slight sketch of the German position in its gravest particulars. It produces many absurd results in detail; one is the mob of petty kings, with their armies, courtiers, and state. These small German sovereignties are hot-beds of beadledom; many of them are much smaller than the parish of St. Marylebone, and have an army which could easily be taken into custody by the A division of police. The principality of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, for instance, has a population of about twenty thousand, and sends as its contingent to the army of the Confederation one hundred and forty-five men. But this army is nearly treble that of Lichtenstein. The pomps and vanity of such little independent

states may be conceived. They are very exclusive and magnificent in their own eyes; for are they not royal? may not their sons and daughters marry the children of the Queen of Great Britain, a privilege denied to an English duke? So these Lilliputian kings wear uniform, hold receptions, bow, smile, strut, and vote alongside of Austria and Prussia at the Diet with an ease and confidence worthy of General Tom Thumb.

No one visits Frankfort without seeing Dannecker's famous statue of "Ariadne on the Panther." There are other works of art in Bethmann's Museum, but many people go to see this alone, and add their little tribute to the great chorus of admiration. It is a beautiful statue, no doubt, and its effect was heightened when we saw it by red light, which gave the marble a warm flush intended to produce a life-like effect. But I question very much whether these exhibitions of the nude figure have such an elevating effect on the common-place spectator as the lovers of high art would have us believe. They represent the flesh-like form, and appeal in many minds simply to the flesh-like spirit. The eye sees what it brings with it the power of seeing; and an exquisite statue of a naked infant simply recalls to the vulgar Master Tommy in his tub, with whatever ungraceful



GOETHE'S HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

associations are connected with that spectacle in his case. The highest art by no means receives the most notice from the million. The well-known veiled faces in the first Exhibition were more talked about than almost any work in stone, though they were simply a pretty trick of the sculptor's.

You can get plenty of small sculpture, if I may so use the word, to carry away as a reminiscence of Frankfort, in the elegant horn carvings, made into brooches, etc., etc., which are sold here. The idler on the Rhine will probably make some purchases of these for friends at home: they are characteristic of the place, and are not expensive.

While we are at Frankfort I may as well say a word about some German festivities which we witnessed there. It was not when we last visited the Rhine, but so long ago as the summer of 1849, when we happened to be staying in the town, and came in for the celebration of Goethe's centenary. I have the notes of my tour before me now, and so can speak with some freshness of the scene, though so long past. It struck me as very characteristic of the different temper in which English and Germans keep a holiday.

There is a sense of propriety, if not solemnity, in the proceedings of the latter which we never exhibit. On the occasion to which I refer, when we had secured the only vacant bed-room at the "Hôtel d'Angleterre," we learned that the morrow was Goethe's birthday, and that his memory, then just one hundred years old, was to be honoured with a great demonstration. Workmen were up late and early, hanging wreaths of oak-leaves and dahlias around Goethe's statue, and from all the trees which surround the square in which it stands. Young firs, too, were brought in from the country and set in a parallelogram, leaving an open space in which the ceremony was to take place. We went there soon after breakfast, and at about ten o'clock there strolled into this *sanctum* some twenty gentlemen with white gloves, and rosettes in their button-holes. These were the stewards of the performance, and they strolled about smoking and chatting in groups, except, perhaps, when some audacious boy made a little irritating tour into the square, or even dashed across at full speed. For I am bound to say that, though I believe English town boys to be the most impudent and enterprising of their kind in the world, yet I never saw the boy who of his own free will treated an august occasion with respect. These foreign imps cruised about the fleet of stewards like steam gun-boats; and, though some conscientious commander always got under way and made sail for an intruder, the prize was always off before he could catch him. Germans are generally supposed to be deliberate; and, as these were vessels of heavy tonnage, the show of pursuit was the only reprisal that could be inflicted on the sauciest offender; but they never let a threat of invasion pass without deliberate menace.

About eleven there began to be a little stir, and presently music and the confused trampling of a multitude were heard coming down one of the streets which led into the decorated square. The masters of the ceremonies shook themselves and pulled up their shirt collars; the little boys secured the ends of unfinished cigars which were thrown aside; people at windows, who had been lolling about, or retiring to refresh themselves, now took their places, and pushed their heads out towards the corner of the street from which the sounds proceeded. Then some stragglers, the ragged advanced guard of the affair, showed themselves every now and then, stopping to look behind them. Then came, at last, the head of the procession, and the music grew clear and close, as a military band wound itself slowly into the square, leading a long train of all the trades of Frankfort. There were butchers, with the ensign of a fat ox, surrounded by a company of the slaughterers, each with his axe over his shoulder, and

all dressed alike, down to the little sucking butchers, who were similarly equipped. There were old butchers, and butchers in perspective. Then came the brewers—a jolly-looking crew—with wreaths of hops; then the carpenters, with saws and hammers; bricklayers, stone-masons, glaziers, grocers, jewellers, all bearing the implements of their trades, and all in order. There was no shouting, no noise of any kind but the shuffling of feet. With your eyes shut it sounded like a funeral; but all had their Sunday clothes on, and wore smiling faces. When they had all entered the square they massed themselves together and sang. After this, two large pictures, one on each side of the statue, and which had hitherto been wholly concealed by a curtain, had their covers suddenly whipped off, and the people pelted the effigy of their townsman with garlands. Some took their pipes out of their mouths, and said, "Oh! ah!" but there was no cheering whatever. That was all. Then the band tucked its flutes and drum-sticks under its arm, and the multitude went quietly home to dinner.

There was, however, a good deal of dull sense in the proceedings. It was a popular celebration, and lately the people had been in a ferment all over Germany; but the whole business was order and decorum itself. The unveiled pictures were bright and staring. One represented the child Goethe on an eagle's back, with a sheet of paper in his hand, hovering over the town of Frankfort, of which the painter had introduced a bird's-eye view: the other showed the old man in gaudy clothes, and crowned with laurel, sitting sideways on a griffin, which trotted up to the clouds triumphant. The griffin was outrageous.

Foreigners are supposed to manage and enjoy these processional celebrations much better than we do. The well-meant tercentenary Shakespeare festivities were, I suppose, about the best we have had in these modern days; but there is always a sense of absurdity which we cannot overcome in the best of our attempts. The public laughs, most especially at the Lord Mayor's Show, with its dreary men in armour; and even when it gazes with a face of deep respect, as when the great Duke was buried, the procession itself (I speak of the civilian, not the military part of it), with its belongings, is felt to be ill-constructed. There is, too, always a fringe of rude commentary upon a civic display in England. We resent a suspicion of beadedness. But the Frankforters, excepting of course the street-boys, were perfectly in earnest, and believed in themselves and the whole concern. I could not help thinking, moreover, that the appropriate costume of the trades was in better taste than the extraordinary dress of some of our lodges, who above all indulge in display. There is an individual independence in Englishmen which makes them feel ill at ease in a procession. See three men walking along the street together, and the chances are that they walk out of step. Your foreigner, on the other hand, "falls in" naturally. In fact, the Continent is drilled, in a social as well as a military sense, and people do what they are set to do with an apparent unanimity inconceivable to us. We have not the art of extemporized organization, and, though our mobs may be ruder, they are less formidable, on this very account, than those abroad. Every man has his own notion of what ought to be done, and tries to do it in his own way; hence tumult is easily mastered by the compact influence of a few officials. Each man is acting alone in the crowd, and yields to the moral majority of some score constables, who are far outnumbered by the mob of which he forms an isolated part.

THE MAIN CHANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "THE FERROL FAMILY," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—A RESIDUARY LEGATEE.

THE Irish town where Mr. Lombard flourished had a West-End, like all towns of any pretension in these days. And here lived all the people of any pretension, in terraces of houses as alike as the peas in a pod, removed from any taint of the vulgar thing called business, except for a few neat and necessary shops interspersed, because even gentility herself must have her tea and mutton cutlets.

Gentility made rather an outcry when Mr. Lombard's great flax-mill rose quite within hail of this tabooed West-End, and the rows of workmen's cottages sprung up after it, like mushrooms about the bole of a big elm. People who had scarcely done a useful thing in their lives were afraid of contamination from the hive of industry so nigh. Among the loudest protesters was Miss Leonora Sarsfield, of Canary Crescent. This was the Park Lane of the county town, and inhabited by none but acknowledged *élite*. It had gates, and a garden in front; also a central fountain, consisting of a plaster mermaid and triton, amusing themselves with conch-shells like cornucopias, out of which never flowed any water. They seemed to have been stranded by some tide in mythologic times, and forgotten; and over their hapless fate two weeping-willows continually wept.

Miss Leonora Sarsfield was aunt to Pen's father. Pen's mother had at divers times and seasons speculated as to what they would do when they came in for the old lady's wealth. The old lady had a grim sense of such anticipations, and kept pertinaciously healthy. In her had centred all the Indian fortune acquired by a brother, who had yielded up first his liver and then his life in its acquisition. Truly he had fallen a martyr to the Main Chance.

This brother had gone to India as a clerk, and climbed quickly, and made money quickly, yet stayed every year to make more. The thirst grew upon him. The modest competence which would have satisfied him at first seemed meagre when attained. More, and yet more! The daughters of the horse-leech are not so rapacious in their desires as the soul of the covetous man. And so he laboured on hoarding year after year, investing in securities of the secure sort, pleasing himself by the gradual growth of his thousands, till the climate began to tell on his constitution, and he came home yellow as his own gold mohurs, and enjoyed his fortune chiefly in a bath-chair, driving on the Leas at Folkestone, and under the lime-trees at Cheltenham, and along the chain-pier at Brighton; wrapped in flannels of the softest, and furs of the costliest; dreading every day some new infirmity; afraid of the sunlight, afraid of the shade; shrinking from morning air, and from evening breeze, and from noontide heats alike; taking his meat by weight, and his drink by measure, and his medicine at precise intervals, under the superintendence of Miss Leonora and a confidential valet, and thus fading and wearing away by inches, until his attenuated thread of life snapped, and his sister found herself residuary legatee, uncontrolled possessor of the fortune which had cost him, in a manner, his life.

Was she very sorry for her brother? Could it be that the rich man's sincerest mourner was the pet Skye terrier, which howled sadly for twenty-four hours, and scraped a hole at the vault-door after the funeral? Leonora had not seen her brother since childhood, and he came back testy, unhealthy, ill-tempered. The gold he left behind to her was certainly an unguent of most

emollient powers, which has proved efficacious to appease grief oftentimes. We may be permitted to doubt whether this brother had really attained the first object in life, or had really done the best for himself, body and soul, when he had left as his achievement a large sum of money to Miss Leonora—about five times as much as she could possibly want. Did the doubt ever enter the mind of the prematurely-old, shrunk, shrivelled man, when he sat hedged with pillows at the window of his Brighton hotel, and looked out over that restless sea which is the symbol of eternity—did he ever wonder whether he had indeed properly attended to the Main Chance?

One result gained certainly was, that people said Miss Leonora was very rich. She was greatly older now than in the days of the valetudinarian nabob, and attended to her own comforts as assiduously as ever she had done to his; as stately an old lady as you would wish to see: tall and spare, a trifle angular, which not even the rich folds of *moire antique* could altogether conceal; but her colourless face must have been very handsome once, and her gait and bearing "quite aristocratic," as Mrs. Paul Sarsfield was wont to observe.

It may be believed that the lady thus richly endowed had been an object of considerable speculation to fortune-hunters in her time; but, as she never could be induced to believe that any proposal of marriage was not based on the expected gold, she rejected every suitor who had the hardihood to offer. May she not have missed that sweetest sweet of life, true love, by this fastidious incredulity? Not impossible; but I think that if she had been poorer she had more probability of the true love, and less likelihood that money had poisoned that matter at the source.

Now the great interest taken in her was transferred to a circle of relatives and friends, the former being more numerous than the latter. For "friend" is a limited word, and by no means co-extensive with the number of people who may bear your name or be akin to your blood. The stately old lady knew this well. She appraised at correct value the homage received. She knew that in the nineteenth century not the golden calf is worshipped, but the owners thereof are idolized by proxy for it. The idea made her suspicious and stiff. It injured her heart sorely, by causing her to repel all overtures of kindness. It struck away some of the elements of happiness from her life-path, in souring her towards the companionship of everybody but hirelings and mere acquaintances.

An especial aversion had she for Pen's mother. The graceful and elegant wife of her nephew, with that artificial smile for all occasions, revealing the prettiest teeth, and those dulcet tones and sweet suave phrases, never at fault, was deeply disbelieved by Miss Leonora. Paul himself she liked and trusted, his frankness and simplicity were such a contrast to the would-be worldliness of his wife. He had no designs upon her money, Miss Sarsfield was sure; but, as for Mrs. Paul, she believed her "up to anything—even to painting her face, my dear!"

Yet, when young Paul came to his militia yearly, he stayed at the house in Canary Crescent, and was home from mess every night at nine o'clock regularly. His grand-aunt had no objection to him, provided he suppressed the odour of cigars. He was chaffed at mess and on parade about the fortune he would some day get from the old woman, and was rather proud of being considered heir presumptive. But in his reflective moments he confessed to himself that the ground for such brilliant hopes was narrow. She was civil to him,

certainly, and at odd times gave him a ten-pound note. Perhaps he might thank his good looks for that, aiding his relationship. Miss Sarsfield was a professed admirer of good looks: it was one reason for her asking Pen on that visit which Pen had refused. The young lady's independence and bluntness of character was another, by rendering her less open to the suspicion which was the cankerworm of her grand-aunt's mind.

"Total change of air and scene." What a common prescription, where there is little else to be said for the shattered constitution! Pen's instincts had led her to it wisely; she was more welcome to her relative for the prior refusal. Not caring one farthing about any of the dispositions of Miss Sarsfield's will, she was perfectly easy and unconstrained whenever that lady made sifting allusions, as was her wont. The old woman delighted to lay a trap, and catch a legacy-hunter in the fact. It had come to be almost a disease in her mind, this belief that everybody wanted her money and had an eye upon her last testament. As aforesaid, it embittered her intercourse with her own kin, and made her keep at arm's-length the companionship that might have interested her lonely old age.

Established for a while in Canary Crescent, Pen took to "illumination" as a pursuit. She had made a lot of resolutions about the change of air and scene. It was to be really change. Memory was to partake in it, and her poor heart was to be swept forth of all the former associations which had come to be such a plague to her. She would school herself, and govern herself, and rule all rebellious tendencies with a rod of iron. Poor Pen! So she took to learning German and illuminating-work, and soon wrote a beautifully unintelligible hand in that language, and had covered some sheets of cardboard with mysterious letters and devices of richest colour; and even proceeded to sketch medieval saints as one sees them on stained windows, setting at nought every principle of symmetry. Young ladies who came to visit her admired these performances extravagantly. But Pen could make no companions among the young ladies. "Nothing in them," was her concise judgment. Neither was there—for Pen; who cared not surpassingly for flounces, or feathers, or the last evening party, or the next archery meeting, or the gossip about Mr. So-and-so paying Miss Somebody marked attention. She was listless amid such chit-chat.

And so was she listless one autumn evening, when the sun burned the edges of purple clouds into gold in the west, and she was walking with a set of people who habitually looked no higher than the dust beneath their feet; and the only remark excited by her admiration of the sunset had been a fear of rain to-morrow, to spoil some plan of pic-nic. But, as their way to town lay also towards that western glory, she could gaze at it without hinderance, and thereby further confirm the epithet "unsociable," wherewith she had been already visited.

"Good evening, Miss Sarsfield!" Some gentleman had addressed her, and was waiting for recognition with outstretched hand. Pen coloured exceedingly when she saw Mr. Lombard; and the curious eyes which noted that also canvassed it afterwards.

He was surprised to see her, and something like a glow of pleasure touched his massive face for a moment. No, he had not heard of her coming from Esther; and for the first time the thought struck him that his infrequent correspondence with his daughter had its inconveniences. Would Miss Sarsfield make a long stay? He hoped she would allow him the pleasure of calling on her, as being her father's friend.

And he passed on, with his usual long stride and firm

tread. Immediately ensued among Pen's uncongenial young people such chatter as provoked her exceedingly. "The greatest 'spec' in the county," they said; "old enough to be her father, of course; but that was of no consequence. Wouldn't she promise to send them cake and gloves?" etc. etc. In vain Pen looked her haughtiest: they only rallied her the more; and she knew that it would not be ended to-day, nor yet to-morrow.

"I call it vulgarity," said Pen to herself, when she had reached the safety of Canary Crescent; "I call it the most utter want of refinement. They jest on such a subject—the subject of marriage—as if it was of no more importance than the colour of one's ribbons. And I think it a sacred subject—oh, so sacred and so important! But I shall never marry any one," concluded Pen, folding up her gloves and putting them away as securely as she believed she had put away all thoughts of that possible change.

CHAPTER XI.—SHADOWS BEFORE.

ACCORDINGLY Mr. Lombard made his call at Miss Lecroira Sarsfield's house a day or two subsequently. The attempt to be a gentleman at large sat but badly upon him, and he was fully aware of his deficiencies in the matter of small talk. Much more at home was he at boards of green cloth than in Turkey-carpeted drawing-rooms. The medieval saints, resplendent in gilt halos, which circled their heads like saucers, and with ultramarine sackcloth and sap-green sandals, seemed to him wonderfully handsome and unnatural: they were completely beyond his sphere of thought or of knowledge; so, like a wise man as he was, he ventured on no opinion regarding them. But Pen's aunt having made some remark on the badness of the gas in the town, and in her own sitting-rooms especially, he was immediately at home in the matter of the improvements making in the works, and, as a director, he would take care that the company attended to any complaints emanating from Miss Sarsfield's household.

"A courteous person, my dear, and not at all so much of a Radical as I imagined," said the old lady, who had been doubly upright in her demeanour towards the man of the people. "One naturally has a prejudice, of course, against anybody of such low origin; but I must say that his demeanour is very unpretending, and almost gentlemanlike. I certainly fancied he was much more of a Radical." But what appearance the politician called a Radical must necessarily wear, or how Mr. Lombard had convinced her that he did not deserve the imputation, the old lady left unexplained. Pen knew that the name was her aunt's worst censure for low people and dangerous demagogues; and that her life's bugbear had been a rising of all the Irish plebs some night, with pikes and scythes, to re-enact 1798. It was of no avail to show her the widely altered circumstances of the country; the absence of all oppression, the presence of enlightened education and material prosperity, which are wondrous emollients for a nation's temper; the close net-work of police-stations set down over the land at points a few miles apart, with their constant interchange of intelligence, and machinery of patrols, inspections, reports. Miss Sarsfield would believe nothing but that Ireland was still the smouldering hotbed of insurrection it had been in her youth, and that Rebel and Radical meant the same thing. She took in weekly "The Dunamase Sentinel, or Leinster Rapparee," an ultramontane print of intensely Radical principles, and read it carefully, with a view of seeing what were the enemy's designs, as she, at least, was determined not to

be taken by surprise. The result was that her mind suffered a chronic state of inflammatory action with reference to the rebellious tendencies of the lower classes; she believed herself living on the crater of a volcano which might explode at any moment.

Neither was it of avail towards soothing her spirit that this had been her nightmare for fifty years, without the fulfilment of wide-spread desolation which she dreaded. The building of Mr. Lombard's factories, and the other works projected by him, which gave large employment, the old lady regarded as movements of unequivocally dangerous tendency. The man must be a Radical who thought of such things. Assembling masses of workmen—people saw what it came to in the various French revolutions. And so she was unfavourably prepossessed about Mr. Lombard until that day's visit.

If Pen had been a vain and foolish girl, and attributed the rich man's call to anything but the motive he had himself assigned, she might have become convinced how little he was thinking of anything but his business by his demeanour as soon as he left the door-steps. He drew out a bundle of papers, chiefly bluish, and held in an elastic strap, from his breast-pocket. These he began to read and sort as he walked briskly along. He got over some minutiae of his business by saving up such odds and ends of time, and turning them to account in this way. An unconscious following of Cardan's motto had helped to make the fortune at which the world wondered: which motto runs thus—"Tempus ager meus," "Time is my estate."

The fact had been that the visit to Canary Crescent was entered in the note-book, which did duty as his remembrancing tablets, and so was carried out with the promptness he would have brought into any business appointment. During Pen's stay at her aunt's house various entries of the kind, and of other kinds, found place in the same note-book. "Bouquet" was one of the latter; and the magnificence of the garden and greenhouse flowers, which made odorous Miss Sarsfield's drawing-rooms for the season, was a matter of comment of her visitors. They knew not that these came from the Castle Lough conservatories, which were being re-edified by Mr. Lombard on a scale of splendour, and that Mr. Lombard had remarked, most kindly, that he felt no persons had such a claim on the productions of Castle Lough as any bearing the name of its former owner. After flowers, the natural sequence was fruits—baskets of the rarest; but these were rather haughtily returned by Miss Leonora.

It was manifest that there was a point beyond which Mr. Lombard might not go in any overtures of civility to the old lady. He was not at all affronted; he actually did not give a second thought to the subject; while Miss Leonora rather fidgeted herself by the idea that he might take it as a personal insult. And she had always prided herself upon her courtly courtesy to every manner of person; she must revise the transaction—that was clear.

But how to do so was the question. "A person in his position, my dear Pen," observed the old lady, seated in her high-back arm-chair, with her lean white hands eased in silk mittens on her lap, "is doubly sensitive. Not that I mean to say he can have the fine feelings that spring from good birth; not at all. But he naturally looks up to us who have the good birth, and wishes to get into our circle, as it were. If repulsed, he naturally feels hurt, very hurt, my dear. I am afraid Mr. Lombard took that message of mine, about the fruit, as conveying more than I intended."

"I did not know you sent any message," observed

Pen, who was illuminating some most intricate scroll-work, which had cherubs' heads peeping out.

"Well, none, my dear, except in declining the peaches and grapes," was the reply. "I must really make some amends for the apparent rudeness. Suppose I invited him for my next Monday evening?"

This was the reception night at No. 3, Canary Crescent, the evening when Miss Leonora Sarsfield received a select circle of friends, and conversed, and let them converse, and listen to music, and listen to singing, until yawns behind fans and handkerchiefs became perilously frequent. But one of the highest circlets in the "upper ten" of Dunamese Town, and the county to which it belonged, was this same stupid Monday evening institution at Miss Sarsfield's house. You were sure to meet none but the most unexceptional people there. Invitations were coveted as a test of social position, and those who had the *entrée* were envied.

Does the reader know anything of the shades of society in and about a little country town? Those of the rainbow are not more fine in their distinctions; yet every hair-line of difference between class and class is defended with laws irrevocable as the Persian. "The county people" are separable into layer upon layer, as like each other as the flakes of pearl-matter on an oyster-shell; the professional people, the business people, the shop people—each class susceptible of subdivision. "Our set" is a term that prevails among the women. Each circle is continually making effort to coalesce with the one above it, and spurn the one below it, which produces a lively fermentation as every bubble endeavours to ascend.

Mr. Lombard had kept aloof from all this; so wrapt was he in his special business life that such refinements in the simple matter of social intercourse were to him almost unknown. I am afraid, therefore, that he did not appreciate to the full what a favour was done him by the engraved card which he found lying on his hall-table one evening when he came home. Not but he had been at viceregal *levées* and countesses' receptions in Dublin, and mingled with fashionable herds also in the greater capital, and found all such scenes densely stupid. However, he resolved to make his appearance on the Monday evening, as invited.

It was Miss Leonora's pleasure to call her entertainment a *conversazione*. There were cases about the rooms containing coins and ammonites, and very yellow autographs. Portfolios of prints lay on the ottomans. But it is to be apprehended that the guests seldom got further than that highly-spiced dish which is welcome to every palate in every clime—gossip.

Pen's magnificent music attracted some. Mr. Lombard actually found himself turning the leaves of a sonata in F for her. His great, hard hand, so apt at making money (the mark on it had left only the slightest scar), seemed out of place. So he seated himself where he could see her every movement, for the next piece, and allowed young Beardless of the Seventh Buffs (who had envied him fiercely during the sonata) the bliss of managing the pages.

And I think it was on this evening that a certain idea—very influential subsequently—began clearly to shape itself, and to gather the consistency of a purpose, in Mr. Lombard's brain.

FENELON.

THE writings of the great Fenelon are probably better known in England than the writings of any other author

of the age of Louis XIV. He once stood high in favour at the French court, and was an archbishop of the Roman Church; but, as might have been expected, his purity of life forfeited the favour of the king, and his strivings after purity of doctrine drew down upon him the hatred of many of his co-religionists, and the censure of the Pope. His writings are eminently pleasing and attractive, written with a winning and inimitable grace which is all his own. What we know of his life is in beautiful accordance with the character of the noble works he has written.

The full name of this great man was Francis de Salignac de la Motte Fenelon. Born in 1651, he was descended from an ancient family, some of the members of which were remarkable for their rank and virtues. His great grandfather was the French ambassador at the court of Queen Elizabeth at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He was ordered by his government to justify to the English that atrocious deed; but, so horrified was he by its black iniquity, that, at whatever risk or cost, he utterly refused to do so. The uncle of the celebrated Fenelon, the Marquis de Fenelon, was an able and upright man, and took upon himself the charge of his nephew's education. It is related of him that, when a certain person was appointed Archbishop of Paris, he thus boldly addressed him: "There is a wide difference, my lord, between the day when such an appointment brings the person appointed the compliments of the whole kingdom, and the day on which he appears before God to render to him an account of his administration." Of Fenelon's childhood we are told that it was marked by many traits of courage, moderation, and talent. From the first he appears to have devoted himself to a religious life. In due time he was ordained priest, but passed the earliest years after this in the utmost seclusion. At the request of the curate of the parish of St. Sulpice he began to impart religious instruction to the people. He read the Bible with simplicity and affection, and the subjects which he selected for his preaching were familiar explanations of the Old and New Testament. The fervent zeal of his character soon began to manifest itself. He longed to go off as a missionary to strange lands. Canada at that time belonged to the French; and in the Canadian forests were to be found multitudes of the wild and savage tribes of the North American Indians. It was Fenelon's earnest desire to go forth as a missionary, and seek to enlighten and reclaim these ignorant and barbarous people. The state of his health, however, made it impossible that he should go to so cold a climate as Canada. He then changed his determination, and resolved to devote himself to missions in the East. To his poetical and imaginative mind those ancient regions, associated with the song and story of classical times, possessed a strong and peculiar attraction. Above all, it would be so delightful to him to visit the scenery of the Bible. He would see Corinth, and remember how the church was first planted there; he would ascend Mars' Hill, where St. Paul preached the unknown God to the curious Athenians; he would visit the Isle of Patmos, and kiss the soil trodden by the beloved Evangelist. Such are the glowing and natural desires which at this time we discover in the correspondence of Fenelon. It was destined, however, that Fenelon's missionary labours should be cast in a very different sphere, one that will be surprising to many—namely, among the Protestants.

Louis XIV had cruelly and unrighteously revoked the Edict of Nantes, under which the Protestants of France had lived in peace and security. Many thousands had left the country, carrying away with them to foreign

shores the peaceful arts with which they had once enriched their own. The king furthermore resorted to the infamous system of the persecuting dragonades, in order to coerce those who remained into religious obedience. Missionaries were despatched into the Huguenot districts in order to carry on the work of so-called conversion. Fenelon was one of these. He could little have known the real character of those against whom he was sent: he could little have anticipated how nearly his own opinions would approximate to theirs. He only knew that the law of the land, to which he rendered submission, and the church of the land, to which he rendered reverence, had united in condemning this persecuted sect. He was accustomed to yield docile, unreasoning submission, and it does not seem ever to have occurred to him that he ought to search and see how far there might be truth in what the Huguenots held. The king of France totally interdicted to the Protestants the exercise of their religion, ordered all ministers to leave the kingdom, and, despite the wishes of their parents, all Protestant children were to be brought up as Roman Catholics. To coerce the unhappy Huguenots soldiers were employed chiefly taken from dragoon regiments, whence the name of the dragonades; and these attained an infamous notoriety on account of their cruelty and outrage. The number of families that emigrated has been computed at two hundred thousand, and these enriched the Protestant states to which they fled, and filled them with hatred of the cruelty and bigotry which had thus driven them forth.

Ignorant as Fenelon appears to have been of the true nature of Protestantism, of one thing at least his own conscience did not fail to assure him: cruelty and persecution at any rate could not possibly be right. His soul revolted at the very mention of "rigorous measures." "That," said he, "is not the true spirit of the gospel: the work of God is not effected in the heart by force." Fenelon reasoned on this subject with Prince Charles Stuart, the grandson of James II. Politicians at this time thought it not impossible that this young man might regain the English throne, which the misconduct of others had forfeited. Fenelon gave the prince advice which, if James II had taken to himself, that king would never have been driven from his throne into banishment. "No human power," said Fenelon, "can force the freedom of the mind. Compulsion never persuades: it only makes hypocrites. When kings interfere in matters of religion, they do not protect it: they enslave it. We must not be indifferent, but we must take patiently what God permits, and endeavour to bring persons to what is right by mildness and persuasion." Fenelon's practice was in strict accordance with this language. When he was sent into Poitou his only request was that the troops and every kind of military parade should be withdrawn to a great distance from the province.

Of the manner in which he fared in Poitou we know very little, and it is not a chapter in his history on which we should much care to dwell. We now recur to the memorable time in which he was tutor to the Duke of Burgundy. This young prince was the eldest son of the dauphin, and consequently in the course of nature would become king of France. The Duke of Beauvilliers was the "governor," as he was called, of the dauphin's sons. Accident had made him acquainted with Fenelon. The duke was much attached to the church of St. Sulpice, in which Fenelon used to explain to his auditors the Bible narratives. It was impossible not to remark the striking person of Fenelon. We are told that it required an effort to avert one's gaze from him. He was tall; his countenance, delicate and harmonious,

was worn with study; he had a most piercing eye and most winning manner. Intimacy revealed a combination of apparently opposite qualities. With dignity and serene gravity, the high bearing of the noble and divine, were intermingled an easy playfulness, eloquence, and softness that irresistibly won the affections of those with whom he came in contact. Strongly contrasting with the rest of the French court around the Duke of Beauvilliers, there gathered a circle of some of the most religious and most admirable people in France. "It was a sanctuary from which the court was excluded, but Fenelon admitted." Directly the Duke of Beauvilliers received his appointment, he naturally cast his eyes upon Fenelon as the most fitting person to direct the education of the royal heir. Accordingly, Fenelon became tutor to the young prince, around whom there clustered so many various hopes and fears.

The character of his royal pupil was indeed such as to excite the most serious feelings of alarm among all far-sighted persons who wished well to him and to France. We cannot do better than give a sketch of his character from the Duke de St. Simon. The Duke of Burgundy was born terrible, St. Simon declares. He would indulge in such paroxysms of rage that those who were standing by would tremble for his very life. He was hard-hearted, passionate, furious to the highest degree, even against inanimate objects; incapable of bearing the least opposition to his wishes; fond of gambling, violent hunting, and the gratifications of the table; abandoned to his pleasures; barbarous; born to cruelty. With this was united a genius of the most extraordinary kind: a quickness of humour, a depth and justice of thought, a versatility and acuteness of a really marvellous kind distinguished him. "The prodigy was, that in a short space of time religion and the grace of God made him a new man, and changed those terrible qualities into all the opposite virtues. From the abyss which I have described there arose a prince affable, gentle, moderate, patient, modest, humble, austere only to himself, attentive to his duties, and sensible of their great extent. His only object appeared to be to perform all his actual duties of son and subject, and to qualify himself for his future obligations."*

On the very day that he received the office of Preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy Fenelon received a letter from the famous Madame Guyon on the subject. Part of it ran thus:—

"Paris, August 18, 1689.

"To the Abbé de Fenelon.—I have received without surprise, but not without sincere joy, the news of your appointment, in which it seems to me his Majesty has done no more than respond to your just claims. For some time past I have had but little doubt that it would devolve upon yourself. . . . The secret prayer arose, 'Oh that, amid the artifices of the world to which he is exposed, he may ever be a man of a simple and childlike spirit!'

"I should not be surprised, sir, if you should experience some degree of natural distaste and repugnance to the office; but you will submit yourself to the Lord, who will enable you to overcome all such trials, and render all other necessary aid, but always, without regard to self. The less you have of self, the more you will have of God. Great as are the natural talents which God has given you, they will be found to be useful in the employment to which you are now called only in proportion as they move in obedience to Divine grace.

"You are called, in God's providence, to aid and to

superintend in the education of a prince—a prince, too, whom, with all his faults, God loves, and whom, as it seems to me, he designs to restore spiritually to himself. And I have the satisfaction of believing that, in the discharge of this important office, you will feel it your duty to act in entire dependence, moment by moment, on the influences of the Holy Spirit. God has chosen you to be his instrument in this work; and he has chosen you for this purpose, while he has passed by others, because he has enabled you to recognise and appreciate in your own heart the Divine movement. Although you may not, on account of the extreme youth of the prince, see immediately those fruits of your labours which you would naturally desire, still do not be discouraged. Die to yourself, to your hopes and expectations, as well as in other things. Leave all with God. Do not doubt that the fruit will come in its season, and that God, through the faith of those who love him and labour for him, will build up that which is now in ruins. . . .

"I remain, yours in our Lord,

"JEANNE MARIE B. DE LA MOTTE GUYON."

Fenelon had made the acquaintance of Madame Guyon a year or two previous to this time; her influence over his mind was very great, and apparently exercised with the happiest effect. It appears probable that, in the good providence of God, Fenelon had derived from her clearer views and a deeper feeling of religion. We may believe, with Mr. Upham, her American biographer, that the truth, purity, and love that pervade the remarkable writings of Fenelon are to be ascribed to the influence of Madame Guyon. While he was on his mission in Poitou, in which he was able to secure the respect and affection of those to whom he was so antagonistic in opinion, he had heard much of the benevolent and religious character of this holy woman, and on his return to Paris sought her friendship. They maintained a long religious correspondence, which has come down to us, and from which it appears that he was materially benefited by her higher experience. Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with Cowper's poetical translations of various of her beautiful hymns.

The career of Madame Guyon was indeed most remarkable. We will rapidly recall its leading features; many pages might well be spent in fully exhibiting them. She has written her own autobiography, which, however, was never intended for publication, the statements of which were abundantly supplemented and confirmed. She was born of a noble family, and in her youth renowned for her great abilities and her brilliant beauty. She describes her early religious feelings, which proved evanescent; she left off prayer, and indulged herself in vanity, absorbing novel-reading, and self-will. Before she was sixteen, according to prevalent custom, she was married to M. Guyon, a person of great wealth, but whom she had only seen a few days before her marriage, and who was old enough to be her father. The young wife found many cruel trials in her new home. Her husband's mother from the first entertained an unconquerable dislike to her, and effectually embittered her married life. She was kept, being so young a bride, in a system of absolute coercion. "The treatment which I received impaired the vivacity of my nature. The expression of thought and feeling which was natural to me faded from my countenance; terror took possession of my mind. Under the rod of my despotic mistress I sat dumb and almost idiotic." In after life Madame Guyon was able to refer all her troubles to the kindly ordering of God's providence, and to see that they were God's ways of winning her to himself. These troubles were many

* The Duc de St. Simon, quoted in Charles Butler's works.

and great, in addition to the above-named peculiar difficulties of her situation. Her husband had heavy money losses. She herself had severe sickness. Her mother and her beloved sister died. Under these accumulated trials she determined that she would ever more seek God. In the world she could find no rest for her wounded spirit, till believing in Jesus she could say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." She found full joy and peace in believing. She now bore all her trials with patience and submission, and devoted herself to charitable deeds among the poor, and to earnest attempts to bring others over to true faith and pure practice. We know much concerning the trials and experience that belonged to her mental history. In the brilliant society of Paris, in which she was placed by her husband, her beauty, wealth, and genius made her a central object of attention, and the enthusiasm she excited proved a great snare. From the dangers of fashionable life she was saved, in the providence of God, by severe but merciful visitations. She was attacked by the small-pox in its most virulent shape. Her youngest son, whom she almost idolized, was seized with the same disease and died. In all these griefs her husband and mother-in-law, with unhappy and mistaken feeling, sought to leave her no time for prayer. Some time later she also lost both her father and a daughter. In her twenty-eighth year she was left a widow, with a considerable estate, which she devoted in great measure to objects of piety and charity. She now determined to seek a sphere of usefulness in a distant scene, in Savoy, at the foot of the Jura Mountains, or probably take up her abode in the state of Geneva, or Geneva itself. She left Paris by water, travelling along the Seine. A remarkable incident happened on her journey, which did not fail powerfully to impress her vivid and exalted imagination. As the boat was floating down the water her little child gathered together the leaves and twigs which were wafted on their way by the stream, or which were within her reach on the bank. These she wreathed together in the shape of crosses, and went and fastened them to her mother's dress. At first her mother failed to notice them; and, when her attention was drawn to the circumstance, she literally found herself covered with crosses. Remembering her past troubles, and expecting many more, she looked upon her child's act as a kind of symbolic foreshadowing of the future. A lady who accompanied her then said, "My pretty child, give me some crosses too." "No," was the answer; "they are all for my dear mother." At her repeated request, however, the child gave her one. To the intense surprise of Madame Guyon she afterwards saw her child gathering the leaves and river-flowers together, and weaving them into a crown. When the child had finished the crown she came near to her mother, and insisted on being allowed to place it on her head, saying, "After the cross you shall be crowned." She could not help taking this almost unconscious act of her little child as a kind of sign and token to her of the purposes of Divine Providence.

She was a wanderer for five years, and during this period she found that she indeed had to take up her cross. She first settled at Gex, where she spent her time in visiting the sick, in prayer, in the instruction of the ignorant, and, being skilful in dressing wounds and making salves, in doing all she could this way to help the poor. Before long she felt herself constrained to speak to those with whom she was brought in contact, of conversion, of the inward life, of sanctification through faith. She formed the acquaintance of a Barnabite friar, Father la Combe, and placed herself under his direction. In her religious system she aimed at a

sublime spirituality. Left to herself, and without any help from teachers of a purer form of faith, she worked herself free from many of the trammels of the corrupt system in which she was reared, and attained to great simplicity and purity of faith. Her system, which has been denominated Quietism, so far as it presented points peculiar to itself, amid much that was good certainly presented the seeds and germs of that which, pushed to an excess, might become undoubtedly dangerous; but it is also true that in a corrupt age it brought home to many hundreds the closer knowledge of Divine truth, and raised them to a higher faith and more religious practice. It is thus that John Wesley sums up her character: "Such another life as that of Madame de Guyon I doubt whether the world ever saw. It contains an abundance of excellent things, uncommonly excellent; several things which are utterly false and unscriptural; nay, such as are dangerously false. As to Madame de Guyon herself, I believe she was not only a good woman, but good in an eminent degree; deeply devoted to God, and often favoured with uncommon communications of his Spirit." The prelate in whose diocese she resided highly approved of her talents, her virtues, and her charities; but he viewed her ascendancy with alarm, and was anxious to use her in his own way. He wished her to surrender her property to a religious house and become its prioress. On her refusal she was subjected to much persecution, and after eight months she crossed the Lake of Geneva and took up her residence at Thonon for a time. Many persons visited her here, to whom she gave religious instruction according to a plan which she appears to have regularly pursued. "Great was my consolation," she says; "never greater did I experience in my whole life than I did to see in the town of Thonon, a place of no great extent, so many souls earnestly seeking God. Some of these seemed not merely to have repented of their sins, but to have given their whole hearts to God, and to have experienced the highest spiritual blessings." She also commenced her career as an authoress, and her published works amount to no less than forty volumes. It would occupy large space to recount this lady's wanderings, and the hardships and persecutions which she was called upon to endure. She crossed Mont Cenis, and, travelling to Turin, for a time settled at Grenoble; driven thence by the opposition she excited, she took refuge at Marseilles, from whence she journeyed on to Nice, to Genoa, to Verceil. The climate being unpropitious, she eventually returned to Paris. There she formed the acquaintance of the Duchess de Beauvilliers, and of the celebrated association of high-born ladies, among whom she earnestly laboured for their spiritual good.

A hostile party, headed by her half-brother, was formed against her in Paris; and through them her director, La Combe, was committed to an imprisonment which lasted twenty-seven years. An order was obtained from the king that her person should be secured; Louis readily gave this order, believing that through Madame Guyon a new Protestantism was springing up in his capital. She was accordingly confined in solitary imprisonment for eight months in the convent of St. Marie. One of the charges brought against her was that she did not worship the saints, and particularly the Virgin Mary. Her powerful friends interested themselves with Madame de Maintenon, the wife of Louis, and through her influence obtained an order of release. It appears to have been a few weeks after this event that she became personally acquainted with Fenelon, on whose history she exercised so remarkable an influence.